VISIT…

PINKERTON VS MARSHAL LAW

LAW in SPACE

HELLRAISER WAS CREATED BY CLIVE BARKER.
MARSHAL LAW WAS CREATED BY
PAT MILLS, KEVIN O'NEILL.

PAT MILLS
Writer

KEVIN O'NEILL
Pencils and Inks

STEVE BUCCELLATO
Colorist

JANICE CHIANG
Letterer

DAVID WOHL
MARIE JAVINS
Editors

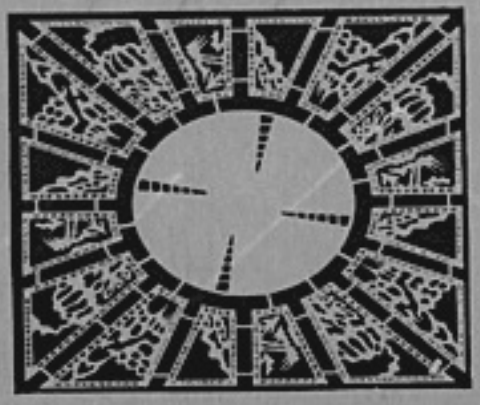
CARL POTTS
Executive Editor

PINHEAD

High Priest of Pain, Leader of the Cenobites — the Demons who watch us from the shadows of the Astral Plane and guide us on the path of Blessed Order in the name of their God, Leviathan. Through the sacred geometry of the lament configurations, they lead the curious to unravel the mysteries of pain and experience the divine agony...

Pinhead has made a special study of pain-through his past life as an officer in the nightmare trenches of World War One...Now, as Arch Cenobite, he is keen to make new converts who realize how dull and lifeless their lives are without the agony and ecstacy of pain. With hooks that tear and rend the flesh, their feelings again...they become truly alive...

All they have to do is open the box...



MARSHAL LAW

Licensed vigilante operating out of San Futuro, he specializes in hunting down super heroes...the super powered beings of the near future who claim to be the guardians of humanity. But Marshal recognizes them for the frauds they really are...And, when they use their powers to terrorize the public, he's sent in to deal with them...a job he does with the utmost relish and expertise...

His toughest target was the corrupt Public Spirit, America's greatest super hero, who Marshal exposed and destroyed. But his death failed to satisfy Marshal's hatred of super heroes... which ultimately is a hatred of *himself*...

For he was once a super hero, too — a veteran of the Zone... the war in South America in which super soldiers were used for the first time. Thanks to bio-electronic spinal implants, these soldiers no longer felt pain and thus became men without fear or feelings, capable of anything...Their feelings numbered, they committed terrible atrocities...

Above all, Marshal Law wants to feel pain again...

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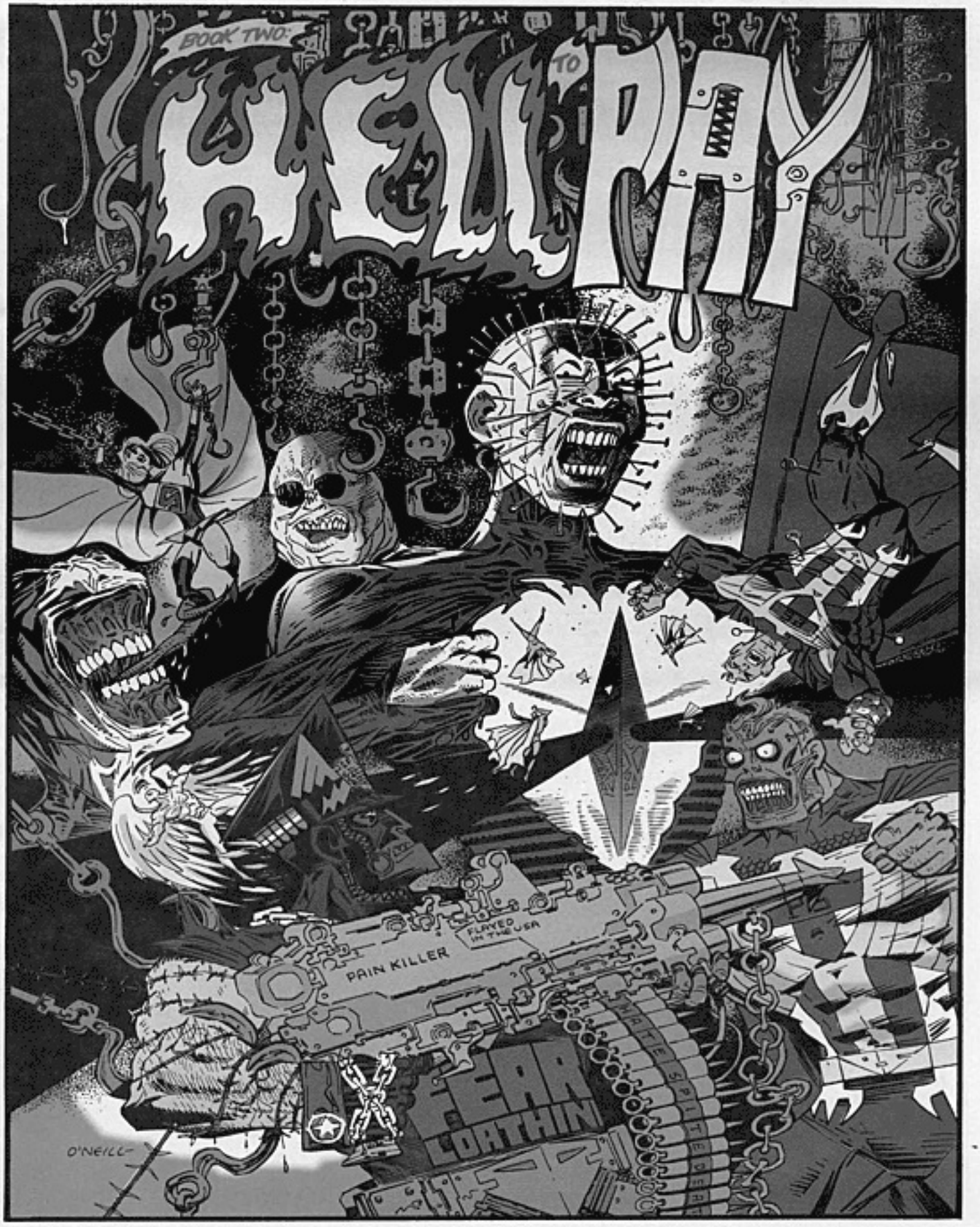

BOOK TWO:
HELL TO PAY
PAIN KILLER
PLAYED IN THE USA
FEAR FACTORY
O'NEILL

THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE IS WRITTEN ON YOUR SKELETON, MARSHAL... ENCODED ON YOUR BONES.
BUT THERE ARE BLOCKS IN YOUR MUSCLES! THE STRESSES AND TENSIONS THAT BUILD UP AS YOU TRY TO HIDE THE PAINFUL DETAILS OF YOUR PAST.
AS THE LEADER OF THE CENOBITES AND PRELATE OF PAIN, I HAVE IDENTIFIED TWO WAYS TO BYPASS THESE LOCKS... ONE WAY IS BY DEEP MASSAGE... TO MELT AND SOOTHE AWAY ALL THE TENSION AND STRAIN... SO YOU FEEL COMPLETELY RELAXED...
AND THEN THERE'S THE OTHER WAY...
...TO CUT THROUGH THE MUSCLES... SLICE THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FATTY TISSUE, SO WE CAN PULL OUT YOUR ENTIRE SKELETON FOR FURTHER STUDY!
PINHEAD! YOU BASTARD! YOU ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME!
HOW YOU WERE ONCE A SUPER HERO AND-- THROUGH SELF-LOATHING-- BECAME A HERO HUNTER...? TRUE... TRUE...
HOW YOU FLIRTED WITH US WITH YOUR ARM WRAPPED IN BARBED WIRE AND YOUR OH, SO SADISTIC WAYS!
AS SENSUOUS TO US IN HELL AS A MICRO-SKIRTED, BUDDING ADOLESCENT!

BUT ENOUGH HEAVY PETTING! IT'S TIME TO *DELIVER!*
IT'S TIME FOR PENETRATION!
WAIT! *WHY* DOES IT HAVE TO BE THIS WAY? WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY *GAIN* FROM SUCH CRUELTY AND PAIN?
ALWAYS QUESTIONS! DISTRACTIONS! *CONCENTRATE* ON WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU, GIRL!
NO, SERAPH... LET US ANSWER HER... FOR IGNORANCE IS ***BLISS*** AND THAT IS NOT A STATE WE FAVOR IN HELL.
BETTER FOR HER TO KNOW THE *FULL HORROR* OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.
OR BETTER FOR *US*, ANYWAY.
WATCH, MY DEAR, I HAVE SUCH SIGHTS TO SHOW YOU...
BEHOLD OUR BLESSED LORD LEVIATHAN!
HE WHO *NOURISHES* HIMSELF ON FEAR... WHO TASTES THE TRAUMAS OF EXISTENCE... AND IS SUCKLED BY THE SORROWS OF A SUFFERING HUMANITY...!

THROUGHOUT TIME, HE HAS ENGINEERED THE WARS THAT GENERATE FEAR, MISERY AND PAIN! FOR THESE THINGS FEED HIM! STIMULATE HIM! KEEP HIM IN POWER!
BUT THE DUMB MASSES NEED TO BE HERDED TO THEIR DEATHS AND THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF ORDER...
OVER THE TOP, MEN! NO RUNNING! THE GERMAN LINES HAVE BEEN SHELLED TO KINGDOM COME SO WE'LL WALK TO VICTORY!
HELL ON EARTH
"... THAT THEY MAY FORM AN ORDERLY QUEUE AS THEY ENTER THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!"
MISERY
PAIN
RIP
HUH! FAT CHANCE OF RUNNING WITH 80 POUNDS WORTH OF EQUIPMENT ON OUR BACKS.

"BUT NO MATTER HOW VAST THE SLAUGHTER, EACH INDIVIDUAL'S FEAR IS SAVORED BY OUR LORD...
THEY PROMISED THE WIRE WOULD BE CUT! THEY PROMISED!
THE TORMENT OF A YOUNG SOLDIER DYING ON THE WIRE IS A... SWEETMEAT TO HIM.
IS IT JUST MY OWN OBSESSION WITH BARBED WIRE, OR DID PINHEAD SHOW SOME FEELINGS FOR A MOMENT THERE?
LEVIATHAN FEEDS ON HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS? THAT'S HORRIBLE!
IS IT? THE FOOD YOU EXIST ON CONTAINS ANIMAL AND PLANT CONSCIOUSNESS... TO WHOSE FATE YOU ARE EQUALLY INDIFFERENT.
TELL ME, MY DEAR, WHEN DID YOU LAST SPARE A THOUGHT FOR THE SOYA BEANS THAT COMPRISE YOUR VEGGIE BURGER?
YES, YOUR EMOTIONS ARE A CROP TO BE HARVESTED FOR OUR MASTER...
AND THE BOX? WHAT DO THOSE STRANGE PATTERNS MEAN?
THEY ARE THE CROP CIRCLES BEFORE THE HARVEST!

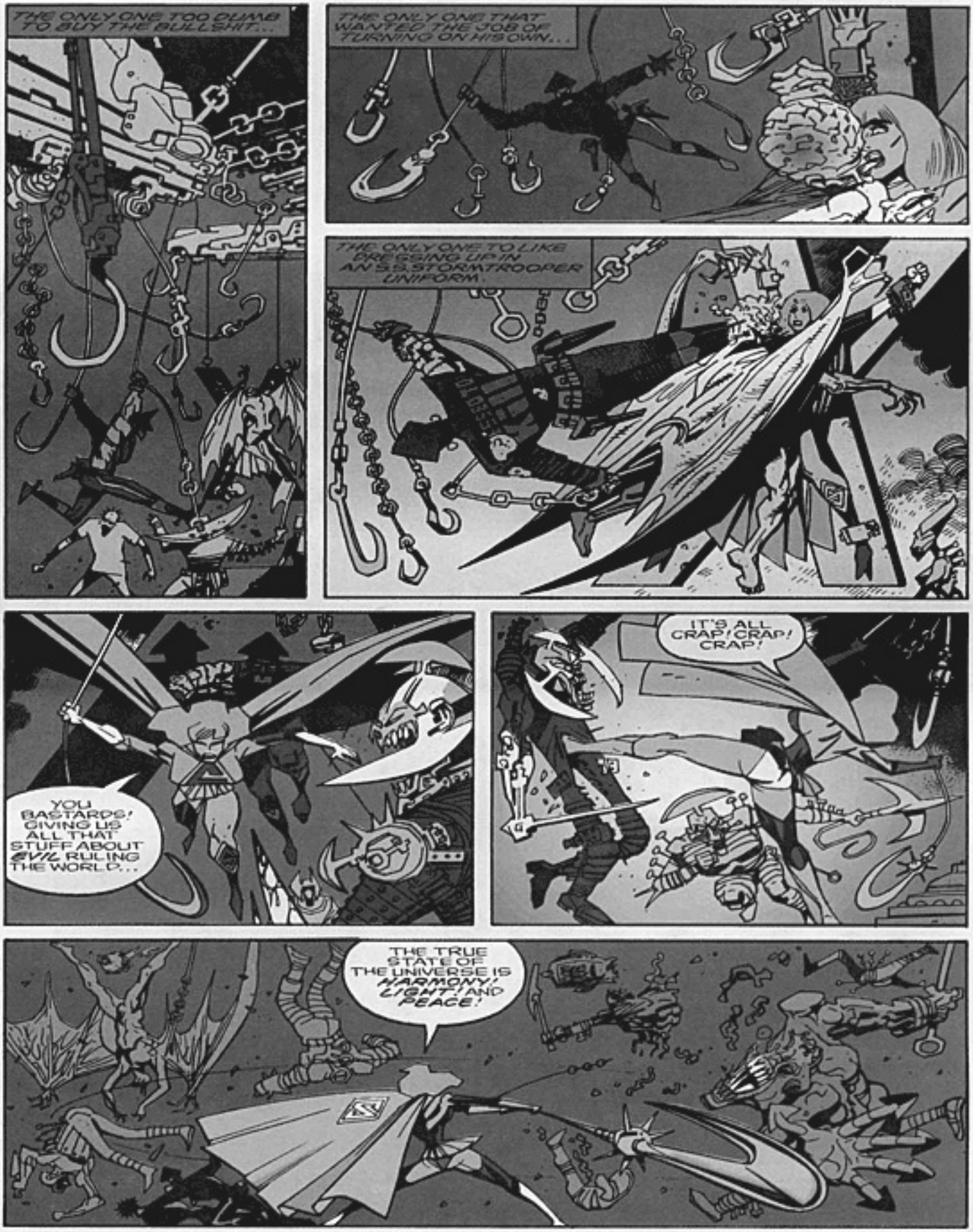
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
I... I THINK IT'S SOME SORT OF GIANT BOX!
WITH SOME SORT OF STRANGE CIRCLES ON THE SIDE!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY INSIDE, MY FRIENDS.
AYE! WE WANT TO QUALIFY FOR ASCENSION LIKE MARSHAL LAW!
EVERY INSTINCT TELLS ME GREAT DANGER LIES WITHIN, COMRADES... BUT IT IS A DANGER WE HAVE TO FACE IF WE ARE TO REACH THE OTHER DIMENSIONS SERAPH SPOKE OF!
YOU'RE RIGHT... IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE.
BUT WE MUST HURRY! THERE IS LITTLE TIME!
THIS IS RAZORHEAD-- MARSHAL LAW'S ASSISTANT.
I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN WHEN MARSHAL GOT INVOLVED WITH A SUPER HEROINE...
I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY HEROES ALWAYS WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD OR GAIN ULTIMATE POWER... WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?
SFPD
CUT THE CAPE
I MEAN... MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS TO TRAP SOME GEEK DOWN A DARK ALLEY... TELL HIM I'M NOT GOING TO HURT HIM...
THEN SLICE HIM UP REAL SLOW... WHILE I WATCH THE SHOCKED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

BUT BETTER PRETEND I'M AS STRANGE AS THEY ARE...FORTUNATELY, I SPEAK FLUENT CLICHE, TOO.
WE MUST STRIKE NOW! IT'S A SLIM CHANCE! BUT THE ONLY ONE WE'VE GOT!
SO BE IT! WE WILL FIGHT A VALIANT FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS!
WE HATH NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST FIND A WAY TO ENTER YONDER BOX...OR FACE IGNOBLE DEFEAT!
SFPD
MAYHAP IF WE COMBINE OUR POWERS WE CAN FORCE IT OPEN!
AYE! TIME TO PULL OUT THE BIG GUNS!
A FULL FRONTAL ASSAULT IS OUR ONLY HOPE!
HEADS UP, HEROES! IT'S CLOBBERING TIME!
LET'S PARTY!
THOOM
SZAAAK
SHUNK
SOME SORT OF DOOR IS OPENING IN THE BOX!
THERE'S A STRANGE GREEN LIGHT WITHIN!
I SUSPECT IT'S SOME SORT OF DIMENSION PORTAL!

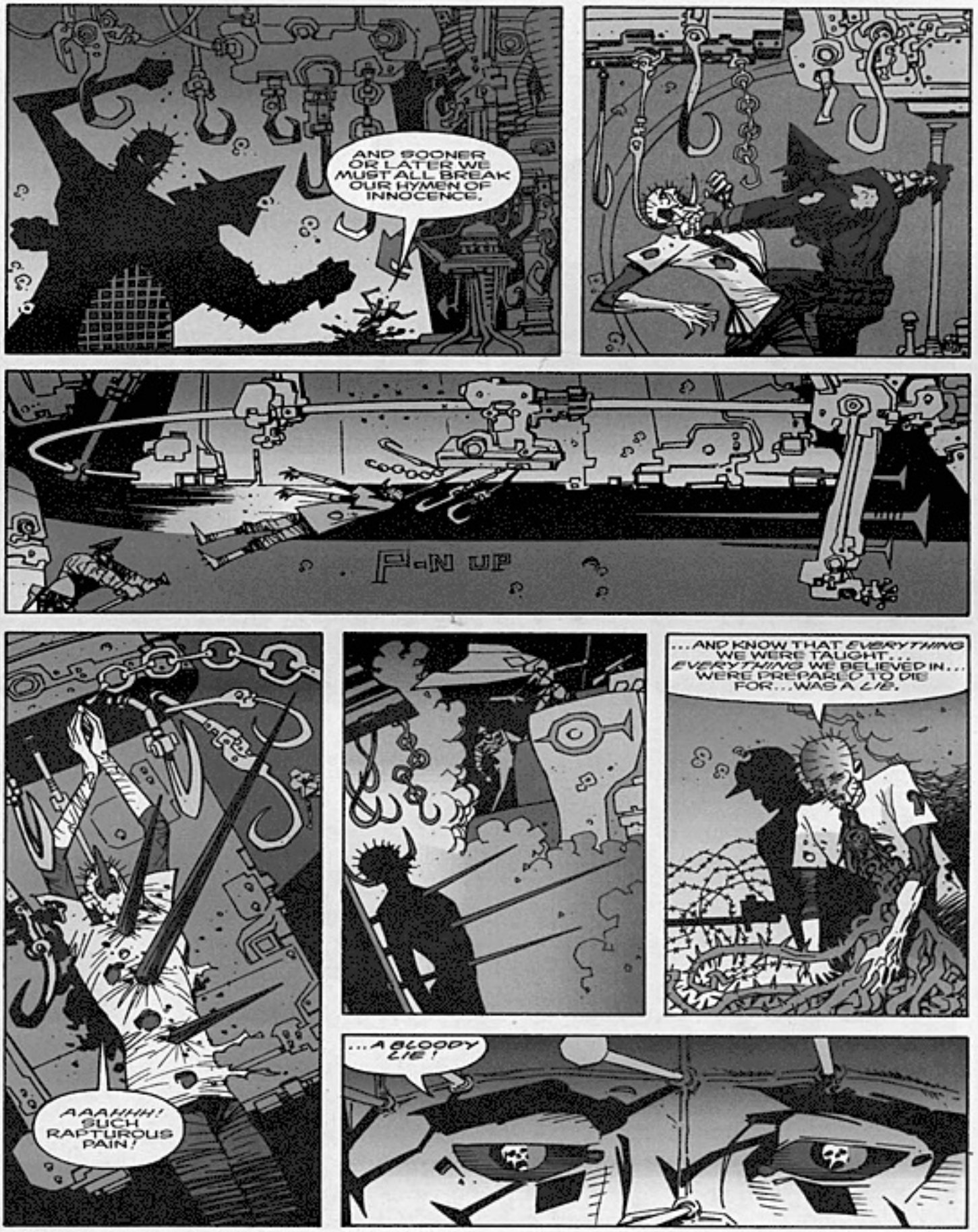
COME--LET US SEEK THE HIDDEN FOE!
THE HERO WITHOUT FEAR WILL LEAD THE WAY!
I FEEL A GREAT SENSE OF ANTICIPATION AND EXCITEMENT, MY FRIENDS!
YEAH... LIKE WHEN A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS CLIMB INTO A DERELICT HOUSE... AND WHILE THEY'RE GETTING IT ON, YOU LOCK THE DOORS AND WINDOWS... SO THERE'S NO ESCAPE... AND THEN THEY RUN DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE YOU CORNER THEM.
ER-- WELL...
I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND THE POINT OF YOUR GRUESOME TALE, RAZORHEAD--BUT METHINKS WE'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.
HUH?
"HERO WITHOUT FEAR," EH? WE SHALL SEE...
AAAAGGHH!

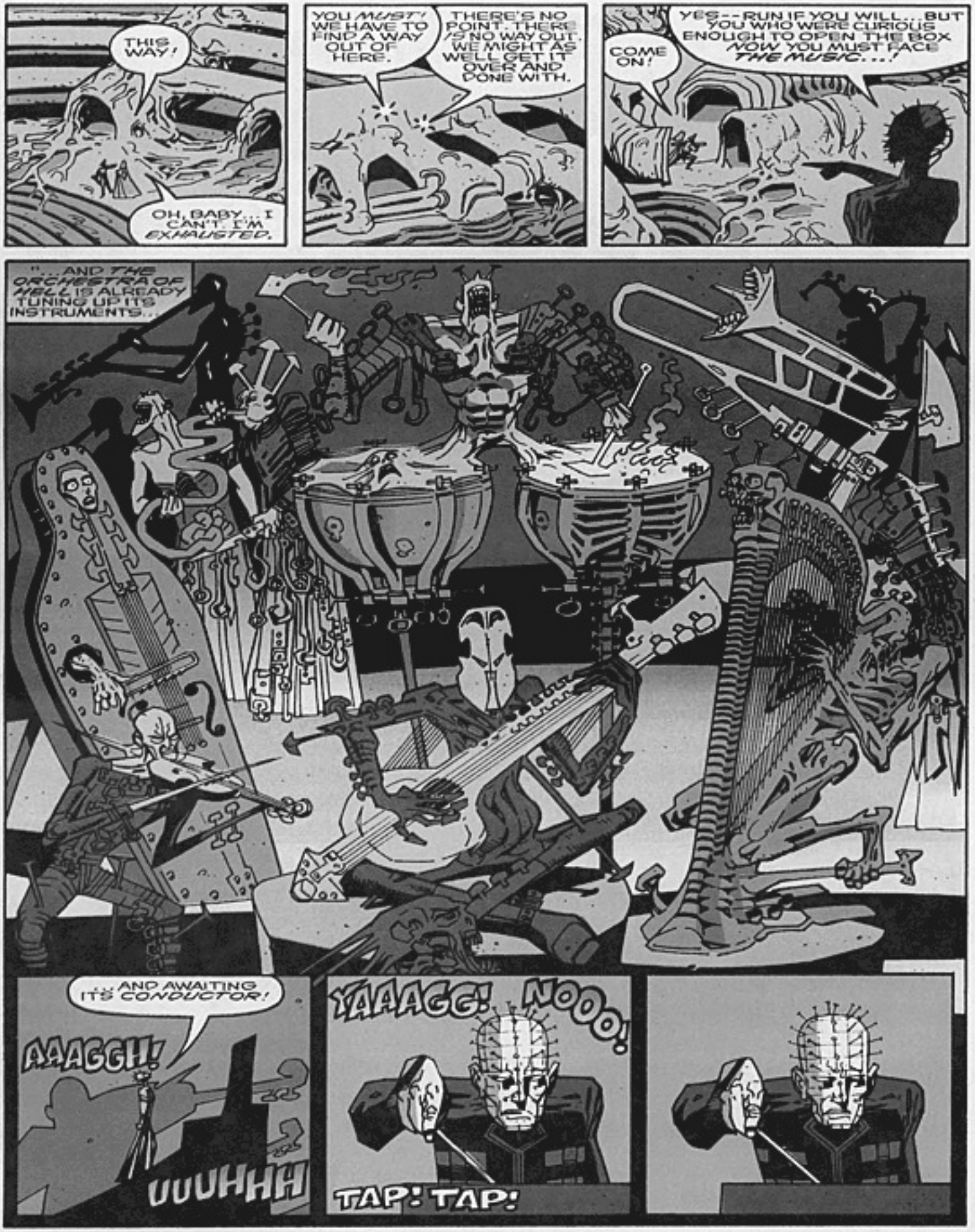
FEARLESS...! ARE YOU OKAY?
SURE... IT'S JUST A SCRATCH!
H'MM... PERHAPS THE HERO WITHOUT THE VOCABULARY TO EXPRESS FEAR!
HOW ABOUT YOU, LIONHEART?
FORGET ABOUT ME! I... I'M NOT IMPORTANT! SAVE YOURSELVES!
OH... OKAY THEN.
SHALL WE INTRODUCE THE OTHERS TO THE MORTIFICATION OF THE FLESH?
NO... JUDGING BY HIS APPEARANCE, THEIR LEADER IS A CENOBITE FROM SOME NEIGHBORING HELL...
FAR BE IT FOR US TO SPOIL HIS DAY TRIP INTO OUR DOMAIN!

SUPER HEROES SERVE A MOST USEFUL FUNCTION, MARSHAL... THEY PROVIDE THE CANNON FODDER FOR LORD LEVIATHAN...
WITH THEIR BRIGHTLY COLORED COSTUMES AND EFFORTLESS POWERS, THEY GLORIFY WAR...
AND ACT AS VALUABLE ROLE MODELS FOR THE SHEEP-LIKE MASSES TO EMULATE...
YEAH... EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A SUPER HERO.
PRECISELY... WHICH IS WHY THE OFFICE OF HERO HUNTER IS TO BE ABHORRED!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN OUR EARLIER CONVERSATION, PINHEAD... LET ME REMIND YOU...
THAT, GOD HELP ME...
...I'M A SUPER HERO MYSELF.


THE ONLY ONE TOO DUMB TO BUY THE BULLSHIT...
THE ONLY ONE THAT WANTED THE JOB OF TURNING ON HIS OWN...
THE ONLY ONE TO LIKE DRESSING UP IN AN S.S. STORMTROOPER UNIFORM.
YOU BASTARDS! GIVING US ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT EVIL RULING THE WORLD...
IT'S ALL CRAP! CRAP! CRAP!
THE TRUE STATE OF THE UNIVERSE IS HARMONY! LIGHT! AND PEACE!

OH, HOW PATHETICALLY GULLIBLE YOU ARE, CHILD...WITH YOUR VIRGINAL BELIEF IN A LOVING UNIVERSE...
OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL PLATITUDES!
TRUE HARMONY IS OBEDIENCE TO LEVIATHAN!
REPENT THE END IS HIGH
TRUE LIGHT-- HIS DARK RADIANCE!
BLOOD BATH
TRUE PEACE-- THE SOLITUDE OF THE GRAVEYARD!


AND SOONER OR LATER WE MUST ALL BREAK OUR HYMEN OF INNOCENCE.
PIN UP
AAAHHH! SUCH RAPTUROUS PAIN!
...AND KNOW THAT EVERYTHING WE WERE TAUGHT... EVERYTHING WE BELIEVED IN... WERE PREPARED TO DIE FOR...WAS A LIE.
...A BLOODY LIE!

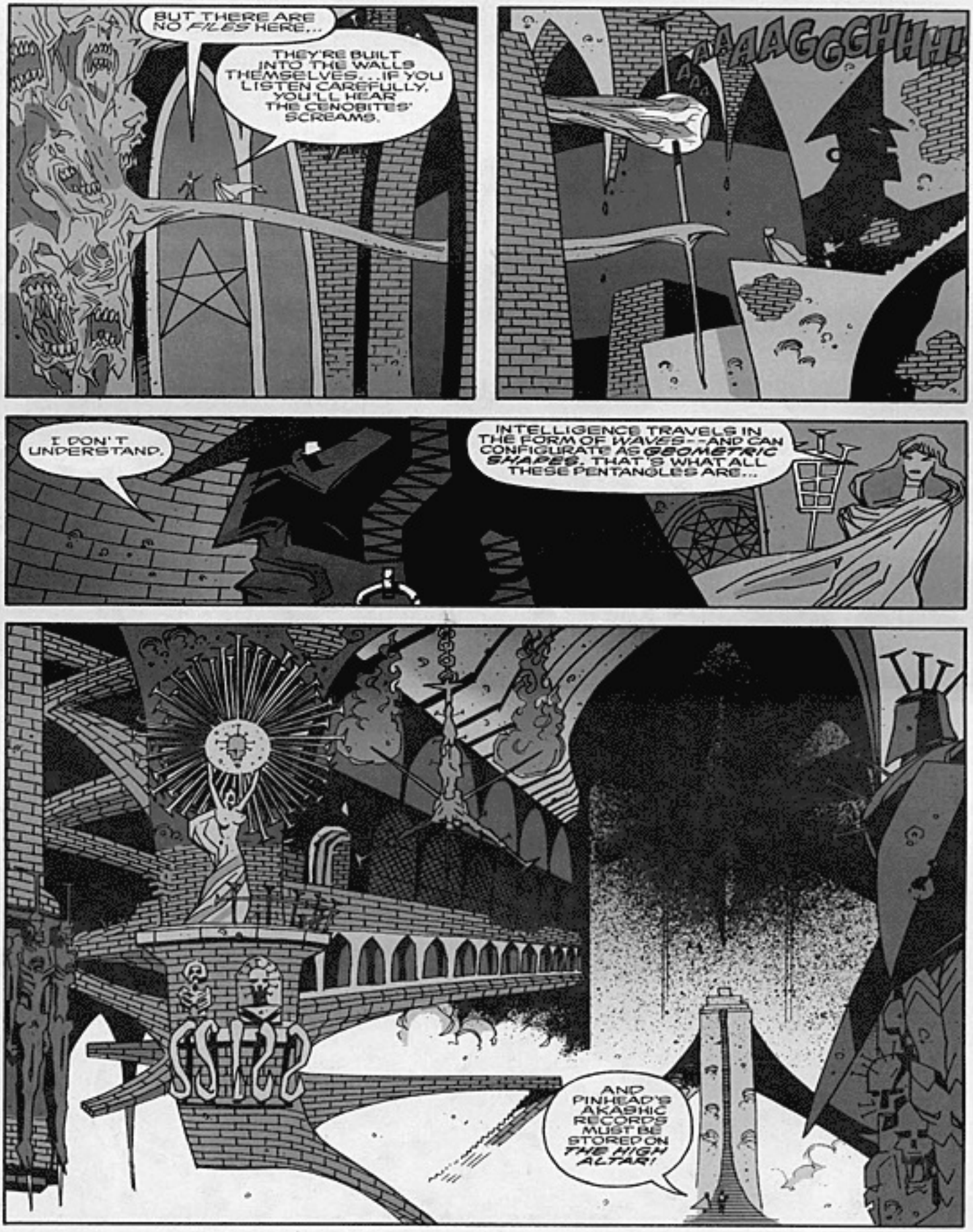

THIS WAY!
OH, BABY... I CAN'T. I'M EXHAUSTED.
YOU MUST! WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.
THERE'S NO POINT. THERE IS NO WAY OUT. WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER AND DONE WITH.
COME ON!
YES--RUN IF YOU WILL... BUT YOU WHO WERE CURIOUS ENOUGH TO OPEN THE BOX NOW YOU MUST FACE THE MUSIC...!
"...AND THE ORCHESTRA OF HELL IS ALREADY TUNING UP ITS INSTRUMENTS...
...AND AWAITING ITS CONDUCTOR!
AAAGGH!
UUUHHH
YAAAGG!
NOOO!
TAP! TAP!

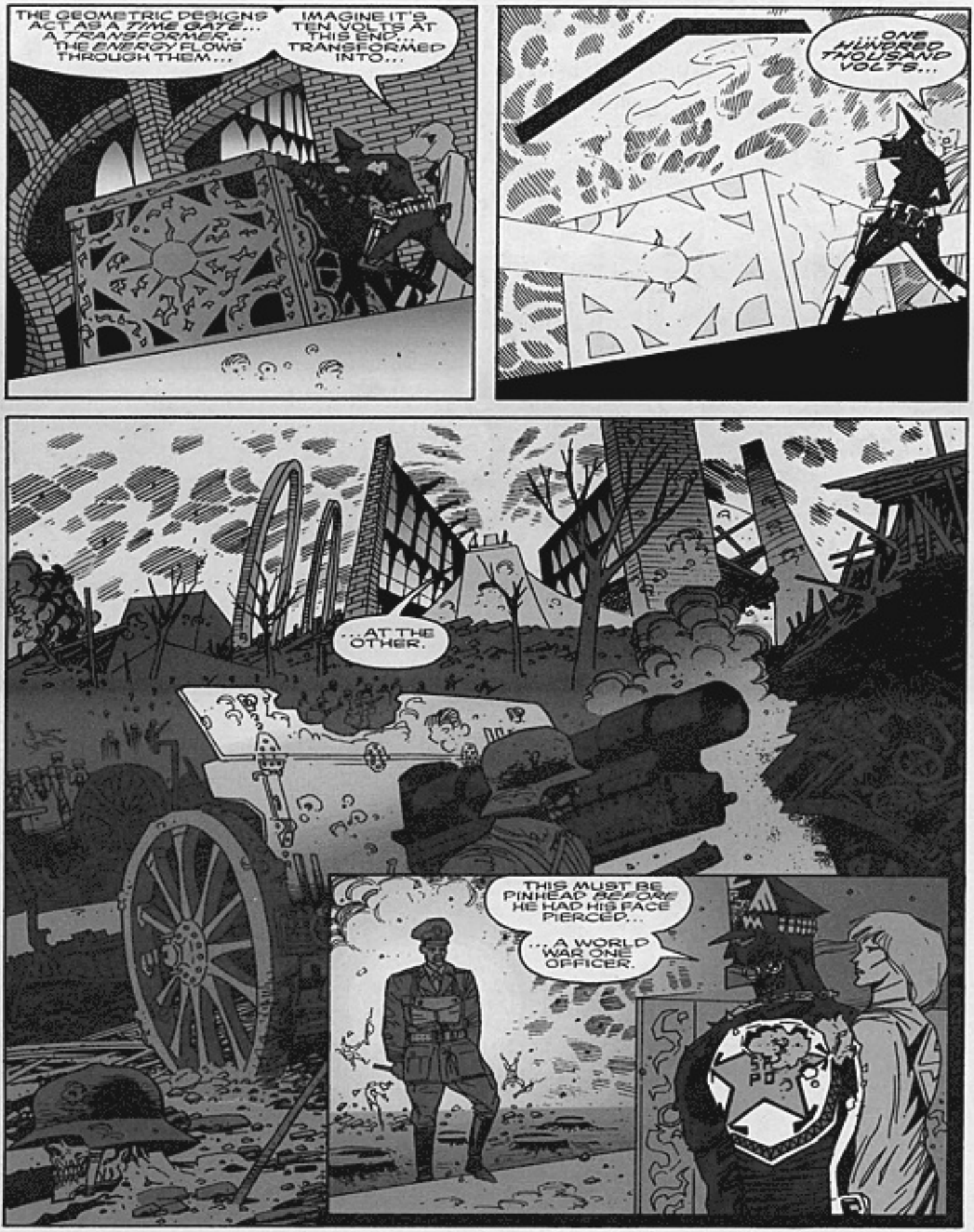
WELCOME TO THE SYMPHONY OF SUFFERING!
SLAY IT AGAIN SAM
ORGAN GRINDER

"WITH MORE MISERY THAN THE FINEST ITALIAN OPERA!
"A CONCERTO OF CHASTISEMENT...
"WHERE YOUR SCREAMS WILL REACH NOTES HIGHER THAN THE MOST FALSETTO BOY SOPRANO!
I THINK HE MEANS HE'S GOING TO HAVE MY BALLS!
DON'T BE SHY, MARSHAL... IT'S KARAOKE NIGHT IN HELL -- AND WE DO SO WANT YOU TO JOIN IN!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A DEAL WITH PINHEAD... OTHERWISE WE'LL BE SPENDING ETERNITY HERE.
WHAT?!
I THOUGHT LOST CAUSES WAS MY DEPARTMENT AND EVEN I'M BEGINNING TO SEE YOU CAN'T MAKE DEALS WITH DEMONS...
YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT I NOTICED THERE WAS STILL A TOUCH OF VULNERABILITY... OF HUMANITY ABOUT PINHEAD.
IF WE COULD REACH WHATEVER'S LEFT OF THE HUMAN INSIDE HIM...
BUT HOW?
MAYBE IF WE FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS PAST BEFORE HE BECAME A CENOBITE.
H'MM... THAT WOULD MEAN LOOKING UP THE AKASHIC RECORDS... THE ARCHIVES OF THE CENOBITES' PREVIOUS LIVES...
THEY'D BE STORED SOMEWHERE IN HELL.
AND I KNOW WHERE... THE ABBEY! THAT'S WHERE I FIRST MADE CONTACT WITH THE CENOBITES IN MY DREAMS...
DRINK NOW PRAY LATER

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
IT REPRESENTS A PERFECTLY *ORDERED* UNIVERSE... AN UNHOLY FUSION OF COSMIC AND HELLISH FORCES.
ABANDON POPE


BUT THERE ARE NO *FILES* HERE...
THEY'RE BUILT INTO THE WALLS THEMSELVES...IF YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY, YOU'LL HEAR THE CENOBITES' SCREAMS.
AAAAAGGGHHH!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
INTELLIGENCE TRAVELS IN THE FORM OF *WAVES*--AND CAN CONFIGURATE AS *GEOMETRIC SHAPES*. THAT'S WHAT ALL THESE PENTAGLES ARE...
AND PINHEAD'S AKASHIC RECORDS MUST BE STORED ON *THE HIGH ALTAR!*


THE GEOMETRIC DESIGNS ACT AS A TIME GATE... A TRANSFORMER... THE ENERGY FLOWS THROUGH THEM...
IMAGINE IT'S TEN VOLTS AT THIS END... TRANSFORMED INTO...
...ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLTS...
...AT THE OTHER.
THIS MUST BE PINHEAD BEFORE HE HAD HIS FACE PIERCED...
...A WORLD WAR ONE OFFICER.
SPD

YOU DARE TO OPEN MY AKASHIC RECORD, MARSHAL!
KRAMMM

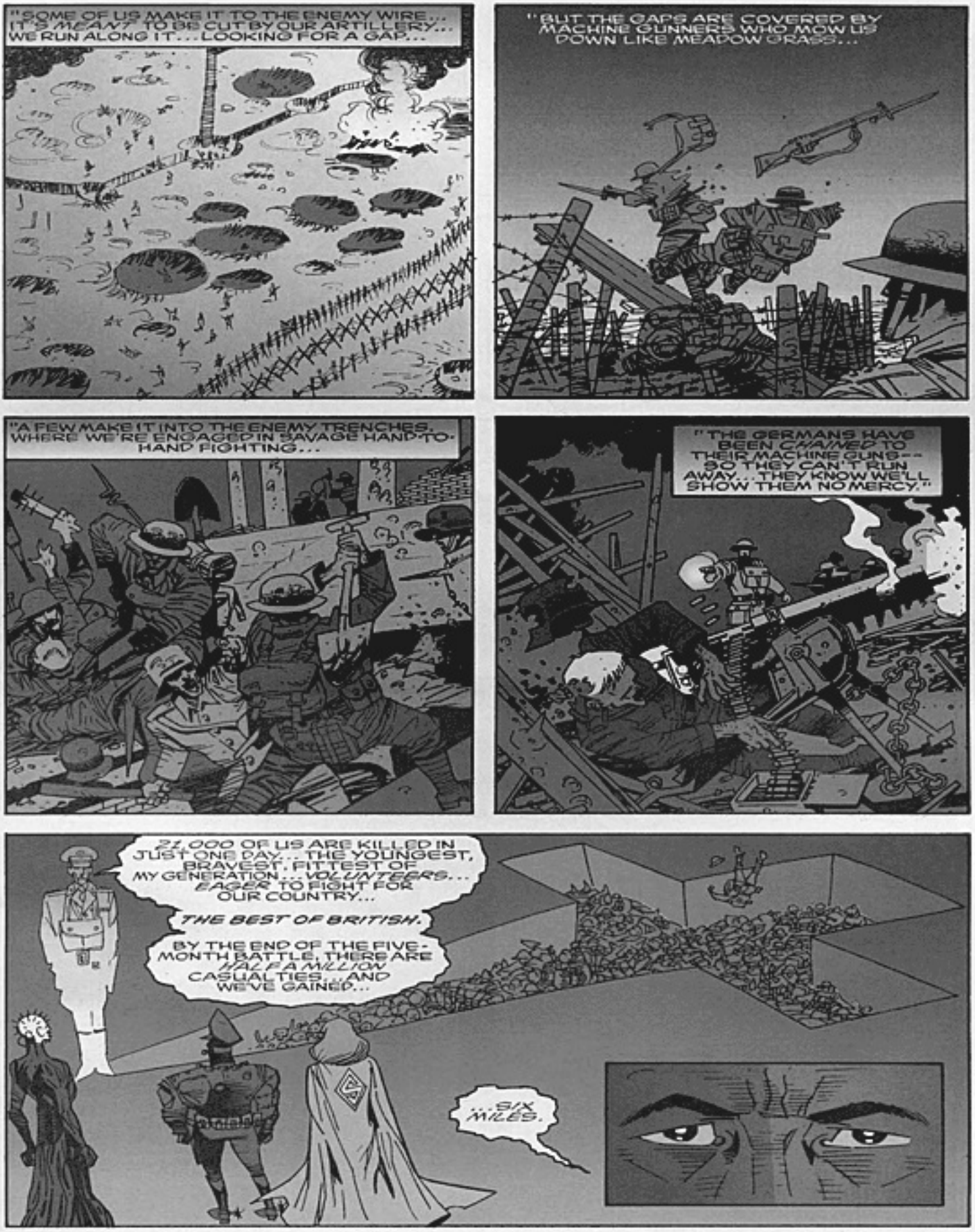
BECAUSE I WANT TO GET TO THE TRUTH, PINHEAD!

I WANT TO REACH THE HUMANITY YOU ONCE WERE... THE FEELINGS THAT ARE INSIDE YOU... THE SOUL YOU STILL POSSESS..
YOU FLATTER YOURSELF, MARSHAL. WHAT HUMANITY? WHAT FEELINGS? AS FOR MY SOUL, I GAVE THAT UP WHEN I RECEIVED MY STEEL STIGMATA.

SO WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF?
TELL US YOUR STORY, CAPTAIN.

TRENCHES FILLED WITH WATER AND URINE... ROTTING, GANGRENOUS FEET... MAGGOTS RAINING DOWN ON US, BLOATED ON DEAD MEN'S GUTS... RATS NESTING IN TOOTHLESS MOUTHS...
WELCOME TO HELL

"IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME... MY MEN ARE COVERED IN LICE AND FLIES... OUR SKIN IS BLISTERED AND SUPPURATING FROM POISON GAS...
"WE'RE WEEPING UNDER THE ARTILLERY BARRAGE...
"WE'RE AFRAID TO GO OVER THE TOP -- BUT ANYONE WHO REFUSES IS SHOT BY THE MILITARY POLICE...
MEET ME IN HEAVEN MOTHER
"FINALLY WE GET THE ORDER... WE CLIMB OUT OF THE TRENCHES INTO NO MAN'S LAND... AND IMMEDIATELY COME UNDER MACHINE GUN FIRE...
"OUT THERE IN NO MAN'S LAND, THE RATS HAVE GROWN TO AN UNBELIEVABLE SIZE...
"THEY ATTACK AND EAT ANY WOUNDED MEN WHO CAN'T DEFEND THEMSELVES... BUT WE HAVE ORDERS NOT TO STOP AND HELP THEM.
"THE RATS ALWAYS GO FOR THE TASTIEST MORSELS FIRST... THE EYES AND THE LIVER...
"OTHER WOUNDED MEN DROWN IN THE MUD... SUFFOCATING IN THE BLOOD AND THE SLIME...


"SOME OF US MAKE IT TO THE ENEMY WIRE... IT'S *MEANT* TO BE CUT BY OUR ARTILLERY... WE RUN ALONG IT... LOOKING FOR A GAP...
"BUT THE GAPS ARE COVERED BY MACHINE GUNNERS WHO MOW US DOWN LIKE MEADOW GRASS...
"A FEW MAKE IT INTO THE ENEMY TRENCHES, WHERE WE'RE ENGAGED IN SAVAGE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING...
"THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN *CHAINED* TO THEIR MACHINE GUNS-- SO THEY CAN'T RUN AWAY... THEY KNOW WE'LL SHOW THEM NO MERCY."
21,000 OF US ARE KILLED IN JUST ONE DAY... THE YOUNGEST, BRAVEST, FITTEST OF MY GENERATION... *VOLUNTEERS*... *EAGER* TO FIGHT FOR OUR COUNTRY...
THE BEST OF BRITISH.
BY THE END OF THE FIVE-MONTH BATTLE, THERE ARE *HALF A MILLION* CASUALTIES... AND WE'VE GAINED...
...SIX MILES.

HOW GULLIBLE YOU ARE, MARSHAL . . . THAT YOU SHOULD BELIEVE MY PAST LIFE WOULD TRIGGER SOME PITY IN ME.
ON THE CONTRARY... IT LED ME TO LEVIATHAN!
AFTER THE WAR, I CONSIDERED THE TRUE NATURE OF THE PITY BOTH SIDES HAD INVOKED FOR VICTORY...
...AND HE REVEALED HIMSELF TO ME... REWARDING ME WITH MY STEEL STIGMATA... WELCOMING ME TO HELL!
URINE HELL
AND HOW COULD I BE AFRAID? FOR I HAD ALREADY BEEN THERE...
IN THE TRENCHES, "WE WALKED EYE DEEP IN HELL, BELIEVING IN OLD MEN'S LIES, THEN UNBELIEVING, CAME HOME TO A LIE."
AND WE'RE ALL GOING TO END UP HERE, ANYWAY... SO WHY NOT RESERVE A FRONT SEAT FOR THE DIVINE AGONY?
THAT'S NOT TRUE! YOU CENOBITES ARE SIMPLY STUCK IN THE LOWER ASTRAL--!
BUT YOU CAN RISE ABOVE IT INTO THE PURE, POSITIVE GOD WORLDS!
BUT I LIKE IT HERE, MY DEAR... HELL IS MY HOME.
AS IT IS NOW YOURS AND MARSHAL LAW'S.

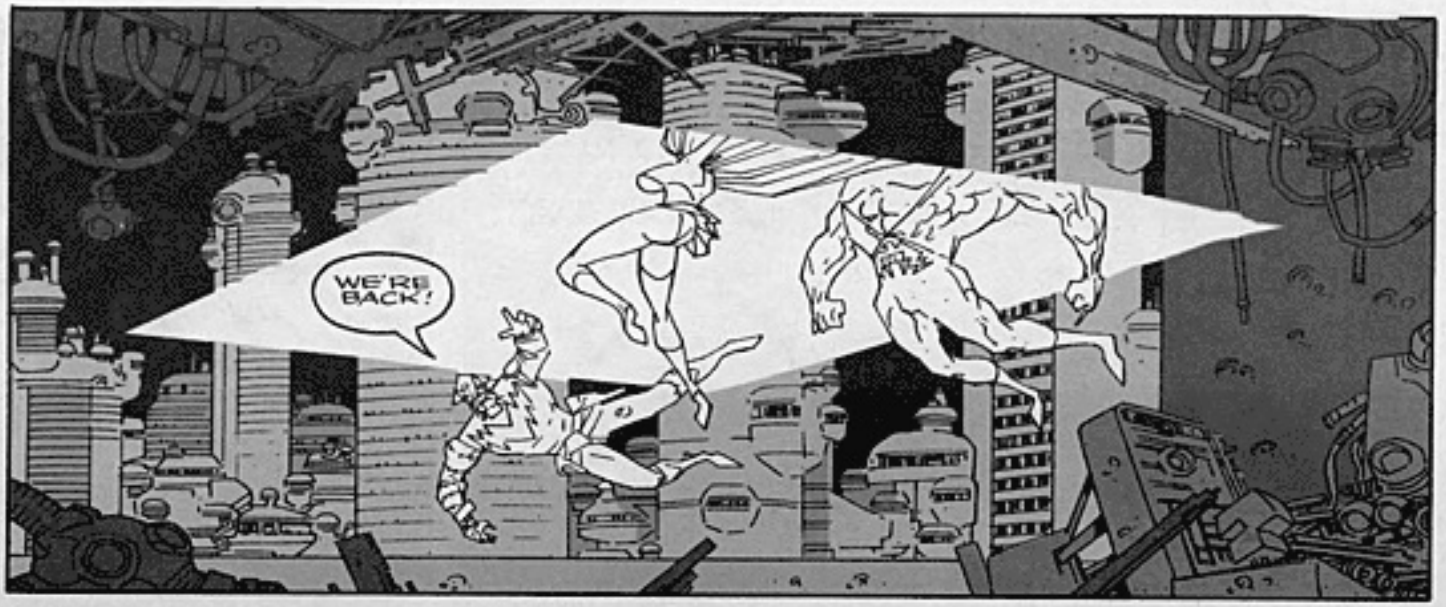
I'M *FLATTERED* YOU WERE INTERESTED IN MY AKASHIC RECORD, MARSHAL... PERHAPS WE SHOULD NOW HAVE A LOOK AT *YOUR* FORMER INCANTATIONS...
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE RELEVANT, PINHEAD.
SOMME LIKE IT HOT
OH, BUT THEY ARE... FOR THE TRAUMAS OF PAST DEATHS ALWAYS LEAVE A *SMALL RESIDUE* ON THE BODY YOU CURRENTLY INHABIT...
FOR INSTANCE, WHEN YOU WERE A TEENAGER, DID YOU SUFFER FROM *SERIOUS ACNE?*
BECAUSE IT USUALLY MEANS YOU DIED OF ***BUBONIC PLAGUE***... OR SOME OTHER DISGUSTING DISEASE IN A PREVIOUS EXISTENCE!
"ALL INJURIES, WOUNDS AND TORTURES WILL LEAVE THEIR MARK ON YOUR GENETIC IMPRINT... *ASTHMA* INDICATES YOU WERE ONCE SMOTHERED OR BURIED ALIVE...
"SEVERE MIGRAINES SUGGEST A PAST BEHEADING...
AND THEN THERE'S *DANDRUFF!*

AN UNSTABLE EPIDERMIS IS A SIGN YOU WERE FLAYED ALIVE!
THERE ARE SO MANY PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING DEATHS WE HAVE ALL SUFFERED IN PAST LIVES!
WE'LL CHECK YOUR RECORDS AND SEE WHICH ONES YOU MISSED OUT ON, SO WE CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM NOW!
WE HAVE THE WHOLE OF ETERNITY TO RESEARCH THEM TOGETHER!
WOW! THIS IS SOME RUMBLE, GUYS!
METHINKS OUR SUPER POWERS WILL BREAK THE DEADLOCK OF THE TRENCHES.
AYE! LET'S HIT 'EM, HEROES!
YES-- GOOD IDEA! I'LL CATCH YOU LATER!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF LEVIATHAN ARE THOSE FOOLS DOING?
RAZORHEAD!

WITH MY SUPER SPEED I'LL REACH THE ENEMY TRENCHES!
AUUUGHH!
NO SHELLS CAN DESTROY ME--FOR I AM BEYOND DEATH!
BLAST! MY CAPE'S CAUGHT!
IS THERE NO CHIVALRE
EEE
FEEL THE WRATH OF...
...ROCK!
MY EYE BEAMS OF POWER WILL BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR MACHINE GUN BULLETS!
AAAAHH! POISON GAS!
AAAAHH! EYE BEAMS!

MY IMPENETRABLE ARMOR IS THE ANSWER!
US STEEL
SHIT! IT'S SUCKING ME INTO THE MUD!
THEN IT IS LEFT TO MY SUPER STRENGTH TO SAVE THE DAY!
ACH! A GIANT! A PERFECT TARGET!
EEEEHHH!
THOSE IDIOTS! WHAT DO THEY THINK THEY CAN ACHIEVE IN A REAL WAR.
WAIT! I-I MUST HAVE MY MAGIC HAMMER!
WON'T BE NEEDING THAT, SON. DIDN'T WORK THE FIRST TIME.
IT'S HORRIBLE... CAN'T STOP SHAKING!
I-I'VE FILLED MY TIGHTS!

EXACTLY... THESE COSTUMED BOZOS... WITH THEIR POSING POUCHES, CONSTIPATED GLARES, AND INFLATABLE MUSCLES... INSULT THE MEMORY OF YOUR DEAD COMRADES.
YES... THEY WERE REAL HEROES... REAL SUPER MEN... IGNORED BY POSTERITY BECAUSE THEIR UNIFORMS WEREN'T COLORFUL ENOUGH.
AND I'M THE ONLY ONE DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT... WIPING OUT THE IMPOSTORS... THE PHONIES...
FOR THE SAKE OF TRUE HEROES EVERYWHERE, LET MY COMPANIONS AND ME GO SO I MAY CONTINUE MY WORK.
VERY WELL... GO WITH MY BLESSING, MARSHAL...
WE SHALL REVIVE THESE "HEROES" FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT ON LONG WINTER NIGHTS...
AND THE NIGHTS IN HELL ARE ETERNALLY LONG.
YOU'RE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART, PINHEAD.
ONE DAY, MARSHAL... ONE DAY...


WE'RE BACK!

SO... WE'LL START WORK ON MONDAY, RAZORHEAD-- DEALING WITH MORE OF THE COSTUMED SCUM.
I'LL BE THERE AT NINE, JOE.
WHAT?!

HONEY, HASN'T YOUR EXPERIENCE IN HELL TAUGHT YOU ANYTHING ABOUT FOLLOWING THE SPIRITUAL PATH FROM NOW ON?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WELL, NOW YOU'VE SEEN THE TRUE NATURE OF WHAT LIES BEYOND, SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO ASSOCIATE WITH SOMEONE LIKE RAZORHEAD?
WHY NOT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

BABY, HE'S A PSYCHOPATH... A SERIAL KILLER...! HE BOASTS ABOUT PICKING UP TEENAGE HITCHHIKERS AND CUTTING THEM UP!
AW, HE'S FANTASIZING... THEY'RE JUST STORIES HE MAKES UP... YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY NOTICE.
SFPD

YOU SEE, HE USED TO WORK THE STREETS... TEENAGERS WOULD PAY TO BEAT HIM UP... THAT'S WHY HE HATES THEM SO MUCH...
BUT THE MURDERS ARE SIMPLY IN HIS IMAGINATION, RIGHT, RAZORHEAD?
FEAR

RIGHT.

BABY, I'VE BLINDED MYSELF TO YOUR WORK, BECAUSE I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU... BUT I CAN'T DO SO ANYMORE...
I NEED A PARTNER WHO IS PURE... WHOSE THIRD EYE IS OPEN TO THE HIGHER DIMENSION...
SERAPH SPEAKS
ARMS ARE FOR HUGGING
PARTY
YOU KNOW THE PINEAL GLAND IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ORGAN IN YOUR BODY? IF YOUR PINEAL GLAND ISN'T FUNCTIONING PROPERLY, NOTHING IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY.
I BELIEVE YOU.
BUT--ER--ISN'T THERE SOME WORD'S I COULD CHANT THAT WILL OPEN MY THIRD EYE?
SPIRITUALITY IS CAUGHT, NOT TAUGHT, MARSHAL.
YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE IN ORDER TO LET THE ENERGY FLOW THROUGH YOUR CROWN CHAKRA.
FORGIVE?
LET GO OF YOUR HATRED FOR SUPER HEROES...
FEEL ONLY LOVE FOR THE PUBLIC SPIRIT... PRIVATE EYE... SUICIDA... AND ALL THE OTHER CHARACTERS YOU MUTTER ABOUT IN YOUR SLEEP...
YOU MEAN... GIVE UP BEING A HERO HUNTER?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY, JOE... DON'T BE STUCK LIKE PINHEAD, REVELING IN MISERY AND PAIN...
MAKE A CHOICE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE...
RIP
CHOOSE LOVE, BABY.

I'M SORRY, SUPER NOVA... BUT I LOVE MY WORK. I LOVE HATING SUPER HEROES...
AND THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM NOW, CRYING OUT FOR THE TREATMENT I SPECIALIZE IN.
I CAN SEE I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU, MARSHAL...
YOU'RE NOT A VERY SPIRITUAL PERSON.
GOODBYE.
I'M SORRY, JOE.
IT'S OKAY... YOU CAN'T DICTATE WHAT PEOPLE SHOULD THINK OR DO... YOU CAN'T TOW THEM THE WAY SHE WANTED TO...
YOU CAN ONLY LEASE OR HIRE...
GUESS I'M JUST A WEAPON FOR HIRE.
GOING DOWN
THE END

"Welcome to the Symphony of Suffering!"

DIRECT EDITION

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